

## **I Hope to See the Dawn by A\_commie\_who\_luvs\_fanfiction**

**Series:** A Starry Sky [1]

**Category:** She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Crossover, El gets a good life, Glimmer isn't here because I have a vendetta against her, I regret everything, Original Location, There are more but Idk if i wanna add them, They all she-ra tho, Writing at 11pm is good for my health, let catra say fuck

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Adora (She-Ra), Catra (She-Ra), Eleven | Jane Hopper

**Relationships:** Adora/Catra (She-Ra)

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**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

Eleven is just an experiment, a tool, until she escapes into a strange land where she finally feels safe, until she realized she brought something with her, something that could kill it all.

Catra has been hoping for a nice day off with her friends and her Fiancé, but of course, nothing goes to plan, and a whole new adventure rolls in.

No prior knowledge of Stranger Things required (besides that Brenner is a bitch and Eleven has mind powers and needs love), but Full knowledge of She-ra is, They both on Netflix so check them out.

# I Hope to See the Dawn

## Author's Note:

This is my first fic, so no hate please, but constructive criticism is most welcome. I watched ST summer of 2020 and it absolutely rocked my world, but around Christmas I picked out a sparkly show to pass the time and it changed my life, FUCK it even changed my politics! I have never even checked out fics for shows before this one, and now im here, several months later, writing one. So, to the shows that changed my life, made me cry, and kept me entertained through quarantine. Also if you find any similarities with other fics, I pull inspiration from them from time to time.

Hawkins Laboratory, 1981

Eleven was scared. The feeling was all she could register beside the sound of her heart beating and the stomping of boots on the pale tile. She had been in the middle of trying to draw her in what she imagined the sky to be (Papa said it was better to be inside), when two men, one brown-eyed, the other dark-eyed opened the door and was pulled to follow.

Today was different, and different always meant pain. The last time such a deviation from her schedule happened, they had tried to make her kill an animal- *I think one of them called it a cat?*- while hooked up to several beeping boxes. She had refused to hurt it, the thing was just so... sad and alive! Killing it would've hurt too much.

She was being escorted down the hallway leading to the examination room, so she hoped. The shocks and prodding given in the

examination room were familiar and bearable compared to that deep and primal fear that gripped her whenever she was locked in the underwater tube. Eleven relied on an internal clock oriented by examinations, experimentations, and lunch rotations, and she knew that it was not the time for a checkup, but she hoped.

She glanced at the security guards at her sides, trying to glean any information about her heading, but they were stoic-faced, as usual.

“Where?” she asked the one with brown eyes, voice small. *Please not The Bath.*

No answer except a light shoves down the hallway.

They turned a corner onto a hallway which split into a T at the end. The left would lead to the examination room, and the other to the elevator down, down to the bath. They were rapidly approaching the juncture, and Eleven’s breath hitched as they got closer to the end of the hallway. *Left Left Left Left Left-*

They began to turn right.

*No!* She turned to run but was immediately clocked in the head by one of the guards, and instead fell to the ground. Eleven was then immediately lifted by cold, hard hands. “N-no... NO! SORRY! NO!” the girl screamed through the throbbing in her skull.

“PLEASE!” *They wouldn’t let go!* “PAPA!” Eleven was yelling at the

top of her lungs, but there was no one but the guards, and they were getting closer to the door! *I want my room, my bed, even the room! Anything but The Bath!* They stopped and stone fingers gripped her face and jerked it to look into the face of the Brown-eyed guard. “Stay quiet, will you!” the man hissed, “Not a goddamn word!” jerking his hand back, he turned and unlocked the door with his keycard. Eleven was instantly silent except for a few tearful sniffles.

The doors and upon seeing Eleven just huffed exasperatedly and looked toward the pair of guards. “The subject giving you trouble?”

“Nothin’ we couldn’t handle Ma’am,” said the dark-eyed warden on her right, removing a hand and tapping his taser gun “I got this in case it tries much else.”

“Yeah, yeah” The old woman huffed, gesturing to the door “We’ve been waiting for the subject to arrive.”

The men dropped her on her feet and walked back into the elevator, closing the doors behind them. Eleven immediately tried to gain her footing and get a look around, even though she already knew the place inch by inch. “Come on now, we’re gonna be late,” the doctor said, pulling her along and grumbling “I swear it would be **so** much easier if they used a box or something for you.”

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Dr. Brenner was an impatient man at the best of times, and it was not those times. Progress had been... slow- too slow. The Eleventh Subject, the only one left living and in containment after the various

trials and experiments, had the incredible power that could closely be compared to the telekinesis seen in comics or the pages of Sci-fi texts. Yet she had either been refusing to harness her potential, or just too unimaginative to do it. The most progress he had seen the girl make was when put into the sensory deprivation tank. Although she had shown quite a lot of psychological distress from the test, perhaps this time it could be remedied with a few trinkets. He had lost subject Eight after she found her treatment unsatisfactory.

He wanted these new sensory deprivation tests to trigger something, so he was going to repeat them so the best chance for a result that could allow them to know more about her potential, and perhaps attain more subjects. He feared that this subject was far too immature to give them what they needed, but he suspected that after the subject hit the decade mark, that its power might be more useful.

He turned to one of the scientists beside him, “You may begin, I will give her the picture, and we will see if our theory is correct. She might be able to find him, and hear him.” *Today will be an incredible day, I can feel it.*

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She was floating weightless in the tank. The sound of buzzing static rising and then, Silence. Eleven can only see the endless black and the thin layer of water on the ground? Something? She wasn't exactly sure.

A man started speaking around her, in a different language, harsher, yet beautiful. It was distorted and there was no source she could see

as she turned to find it.

A low hissing sound reverberated around the void, interrupting the voice of the man, and plunging an icy fear into her heart. The sound, like that of an existential demon. This was the beginning in most cases. But not this time, this time was different. From behind her, she could feel something, something... warm.

A large golden glow, so bright and yet not blinding. It made her feel like... *like I could curl up in it and sleep forever.* The glowing grew brighter and seemed to almost beckon her to it. A roar pierced through her reverie as the monster seemed to draw closer “Subject Eleven, It seems the level of danger has reached too much. Time to come back.” Listening, the girl reached inside to leave back to—everything stilled suddenly, as the glow began *laughing?* But not the mean kind she had always known, but something that stirred a sort of yearning she had never felt before. “Eleven, come back, come back NOW!”

Eleven had only seen and felt the glow for seconds, but she needed to find out more! *But what about Papa? He might get angry! Its all happening so fast-* “Don’t” the glow **spoke?** “don’t” “COME BACK!”

A hand reached out of the glow, “Don’t” “COME BACK TO ME!” A roar from behind and the feeling of a large creature getting closer. The figure solidified but she couldn’t see its face, and the last thing she remembered before Eleven took the hand and lost consciousness was a large pair of angelic wings.

Back in the lab, a large explosion went through the room, causing everyone to scatter behind cover! Dr. Brenner looked over the monitor and found that the tube, and his Subject, the pinnacle of his work, had vanished without a single trace.

**Author's Note:**

Let me know what you think and if I should continue! Also how large should this be? I was thinking 5-7 chapters with eventual continuation!